

There is a droll story of how a man lost a wallet in Pueblo, Colorado. Stepping into a large liquor shop he offered to bet ten to one that he could, blindfolded, tell the name of any liquor or wine in the house, or any mixture of liquors, by the taste and smell. All went well with him at first. He named all the celebrated brands correctly. Then they handed him a glass of water. He tasted, he smelt, he tasted and smelt again, and at last, completely nonplussed, he gave it up so. "Well, boys," he said, "you have got me. It seems to me as if, years ago, I struck something of that kind in the States, but it was so long ago I have entirely forgotten it."

We have always supposed that Temperance legislation would promote intellectual culture, but we are rather dubious about the result in Tyrona, Pa. The difficulty of procuring malt liquors in that place has called into existence a Reading Club. Entrance fee, \$5. Annual dues, \$4. The Club has not yet taken measures to procure a library; but the counties from four to seven barrels of beef weekly. We have the authority of Dr. Johnson for the fact that "the whole makes a thin soup, from which we infer that the intellectual excretions of the Tyrona Readers will be a little muddy.